

PS 3523

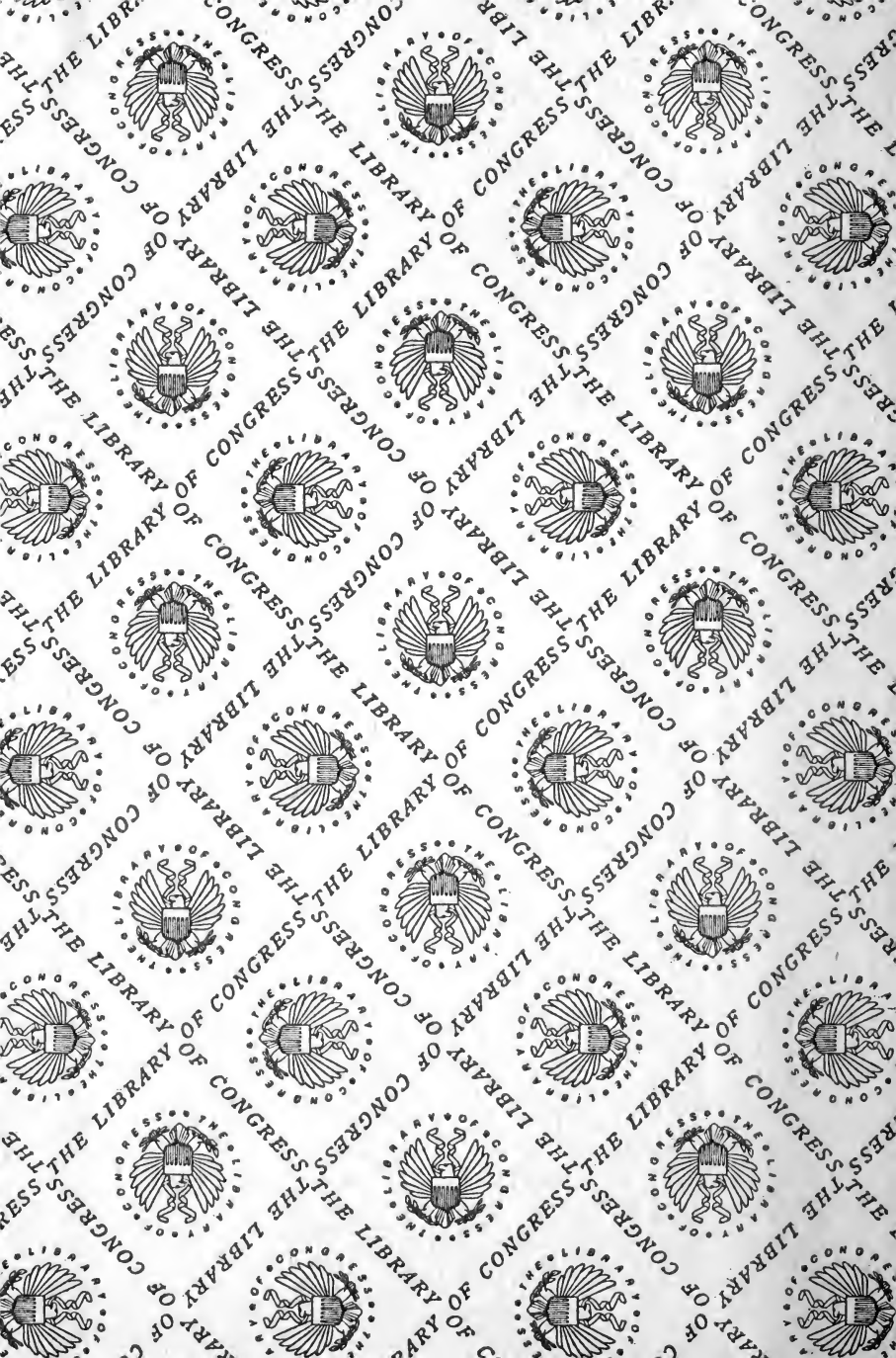
.U25 T6

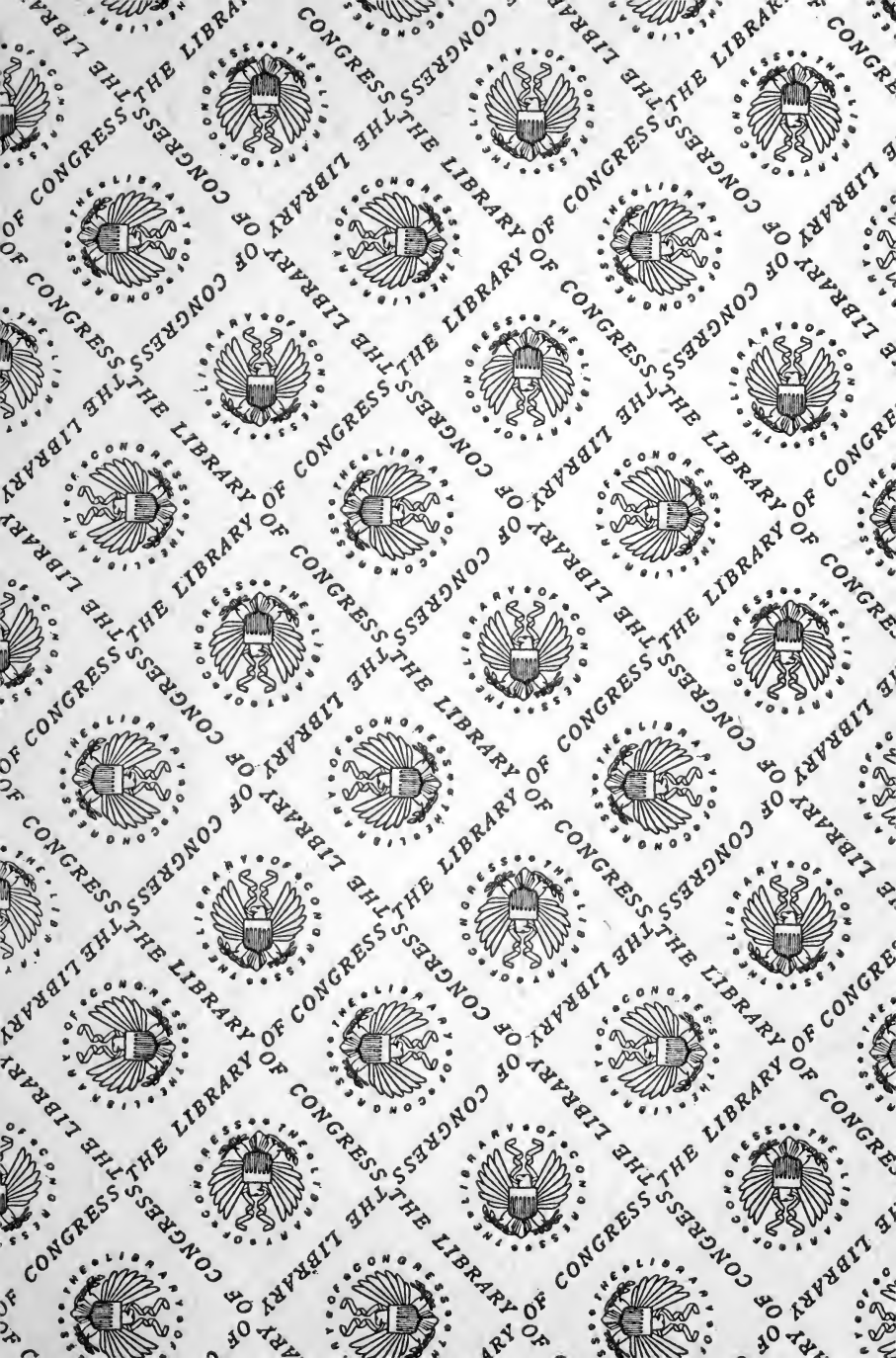
1919

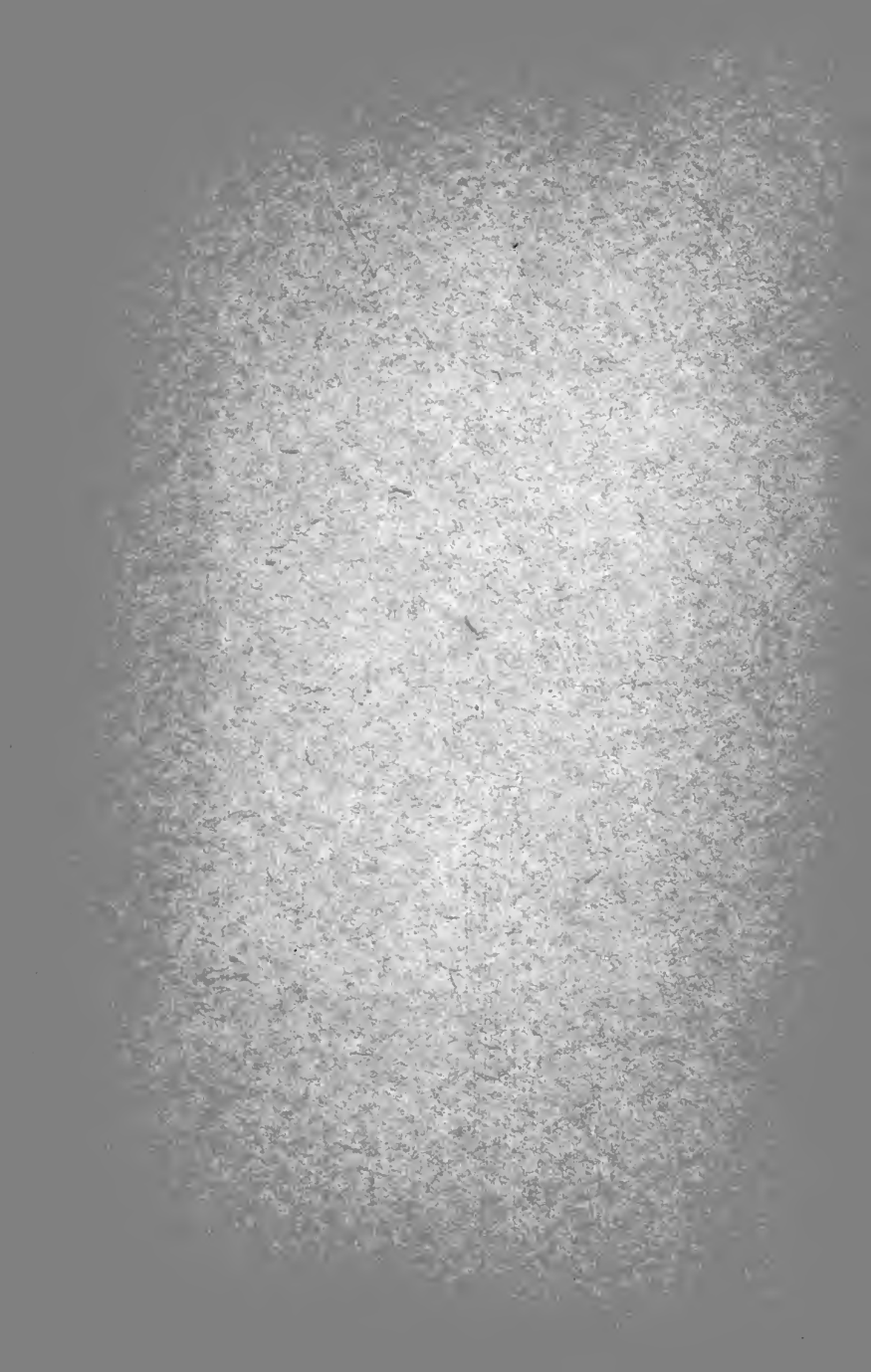
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00002811777







C383
277

Toast and Tea

— BY —

ELIZA SYMMES LUCAS



PS3523
Ua5T6
1919

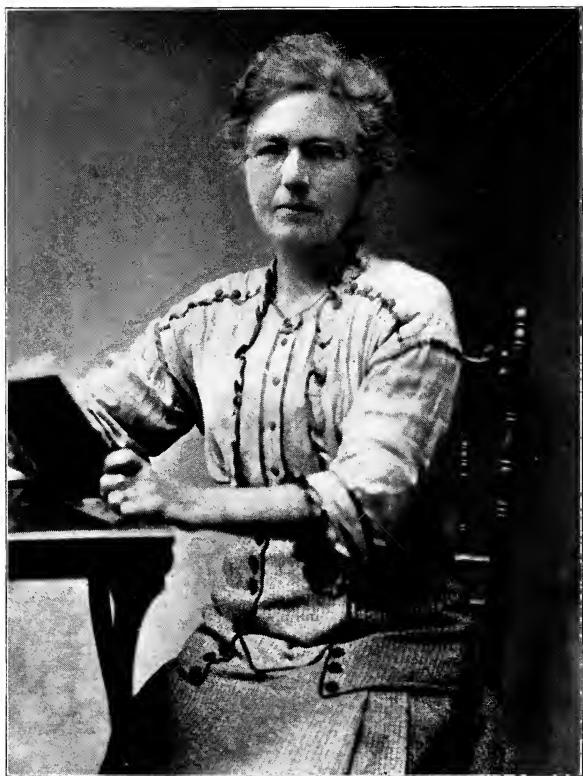
Copyright 1919
By
ELIZA SYMMES LUCAS

DEC 23 1919

©Cl.A559204

no 1





ELIZA SYMMES LUCAS

TO MY PARENTS
THIS LITTLE BOOK IS LOVINGLY
DEDICATED

TO THE FATHER,
whose memory I revere, whose
encouragement and sympathy
were never wanting:

TO THE MOTHER,
whose dear companionship still
cheers, comforts and blesses my
earthly pilgrimage.



INTRODUCTION

BY SOME readers of this little book, this introduction may be read before the following poems are read; by others, only afterwards. But no reader of this introduction, let him read it when he may, will find in it an argument proposing to prove that the verses have interest and value. That goes without proof. The simple reading of them is enough for that. And, after they have been read, some readers will return to give them studious and sympathetic re-perusal. From this a deeper and more affectionate appreciation will result. The fine mental and moral qualities of the author, her love for the fitting expression of clear thought and tender feeling, and her well formed habit of living outside the circle and above the level of mere triviality, will make their impression upon the heart of the reader, and draw him strongly toward the writer as well as toward the writings.

When this becomes true, the reader who does not personally know the author, will begin to feel toward her as I do.

It was my good fortune to know something about her heart, mind, and life before she became a student in Rio Grande College. In her student work, she was my pupil in an important part of the course. I had the pleasure not only of seeing her reaching a high standing term after term, but also of observing the broadening of her mind and the enriching of her character, especially as she went masterfully thru the studies of the senior year in college.

I have also been permitted to know of her varied and ripening work since. Her continuance of the use of poetic forms to chronicle interesting or significant events or record the deeper feelings of her heart has been more than once

brought to my notice. It is natural, and perhaps unavoidable, that there should arise in her mind the desire to publish. The proper desire of leaving a permanent memorial of her work among friends and of gaining new friends, has brought about this publication. It will receive a prompt and wide welcome.

Let us hope that it may be followed by others. Her powers are yet at their best and her situation and her public duties are full of suggestion and inspiration. Must we not expect the frequent recurrence of these fertile forms of experience and beautiful forms of expression? For she is essentially a singing spirit

In whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime.

JOHN MERRILL DAVIS.

*Rio Grande, Ohio,
December 1, 1919.*

TOAST AND TEA

INVITATION.

Dear Friend, pray stop and sup with me,
If but a moment you may spare;
I'd much enjoy your company,
Though poor and meager be my fare;
'Tis but a bit of toast and tea,
Yet served with hospitality.

Of course you may not care to stay,
Though you'll not need to tarry long;
The toast is dry, perhaps you'll say,
The tea is weak, or overstrong.
Their quality I may not boast,
'Tis not becoming in a host.

But what I offer is my best,
(In truth I'm sorry 'tis no better)
And if I please a single guest,
I'll count myself his humble debtor.
Though dry the toast, sure you'll agree
That can't be charged against the tea!

Still, if you've such fastidious taste
That this refreshment you disdain,
Do not a moment longer waste,
I would not wish you to remain:
Though if you put it to the test,
You'll find it easy to digest.

But, should they chance to meet your favor,
(My plain and simple toast and tea)
Who find their quality and flavor
With your peculiar taste agree,
I'd have you feel at my tea-party,
To all I serve, a welcome hearty!

'Tis true of much I cannot boast,
I only hope to please the few
Who partial are to tea and toast,
And that the number includes you;
Because I should not quite despair,
If for my toast and tea *you* care.

While some may loudly criticise
My humble offering as o'erbold,
And such presumption deem unwise,
I'm sure that *you* need not be told
This light refreshment's not designed
To pass for more substantial kind.

Indeed I'm very well aware
That richer viands, most prefer,
To whom my simple, homely fare,
As tempting, scarcely would occur.
But sometimes, just a cup of tea
Refreshes one surprisingly!

I would that I might entertain,
In regal splendor, style and grace,
And that of lack none could complain,
Who at my board should find a place.
I would a splendid banquet spread,
But ah! I've toast and tea, instead!

'Twould be my pride as well as care,
To furnish such a sumptuous feast,
That none with it might e'en compare,
To its disparagement, at least.
'Twould rival those a King esteems—
The royal banquet of my dreams!

I'd set before your wondering gaze,
Such products rare, that even you,
My learned critic, could but praise,
If I could have my dreams come true.
Upon *that* board, you would not see
Such *common* things, as toast and tea.

But still, I dare to entertain
The hope that you will make the most
Of what I serve, and not disdain
At least to *taste* my tea and toast
Before they're "laid upon the shelf,"
So, if you will, pray help yourself!

THE EMBARKMENT.

I stand today on the craggy shore
Of a gloomy, dark and treacherous sea,
And though its roughs have been braved before,
It is, as yet, unknown to me.
I look far out o'er the waters wide,
But I cannot see the other side.

The gathering mist that veils my eyes,
I know not what it hides from view,
But I hear the sound of wailing cries,
And echoes of gay laughter, too;
Yet few sail serenely from beach to beach,
While many the far shore never reach.

But those who embark on this treacherous deep,
Must always reckon with wind and wave,
And the fearful storms that sometimes sweep
A gallant bark to a watery grave.
Yet, if strong to weather the awful blast,
It may safely sail into port at last.

For some have succeeded—the strong and the good,
Billows and tempests burst o'er them in vain,
Oh! the perils braved and hardships stood
In struggling 'gainst the surging main!
But they safely stemmed the rolling tide,
And are anchored now on the other side.

That distant shore holds the goals of life,
But the sea of Endeavor lies between;
For the goal I would win, I must make the strife,
Though the end of the struggle be unforeseen.
Though the sea be rough, and deep, and wide,
I must cross it to reach the other side.

But hark! In the distance sounds a cry
Of wild despair!—A ship is lost!
Going down alone, no aid is nigh,
Ah! who can tell what the struggle cost!
No helping hand is stretched to save,
So 'tis swallowed up by the hungry wave!

Shall I falter with fear and be faint of heart,
As I look out over the waters spread?
Though I tremble, I know I must make the start,
Yet comes to my heart an awful dread
Lest the ship that is now my fondest pride,
May never reach the other side.

I gaze far out o'er the trackless waste—
O'er the gloomy, dark, foreboding sea,
I shudder and shrink, but I must haste,
My bark is ready to sail, ah me!
So I trust in God to help me guide
In safety my ship to the other side.

Written in 1886.

A VIEW FROM THE HILLTOP.

I stood on the hilltop one day and looked down
On the broad stretching valley below, and the town
That clings to the winding river's bend,
And I watched from its chimneys the blue smoke ascend.

I watched it wreath and curl and play,
Then, wreathing and curling, melt away;
And yet I can see with Memory's eyes,
Its phantom billows fall and rise.

My soul enraptured, seemed to float
To some enchanting realm, remote
From all earth's cares and secret woes,
To some sweet Eden of repose.

Such was the charm my spirit felt,
As I gazed o'er the valley wherein I dwelt.
How my fond heart swelled with love and pride,
As I drank in its beauty—far and wide!

Beyond it in grandeur majestic, rise high,
Hills upon hills, till they blend with the sky;
And as I remember that one day, it seems
Such days could exist but in Heaven—and dreams!

That day it seemed all nature was kind,
All forms of one harmonious mind,
Agreeing each other's splendors to share,
The sky lent the river her blue to wear.

That beauteous stream!—That blue winding river!
Yet, in fancy, I see the sunbeams quiver
On its broad, smooth expanse, sparkling between
Meadows of living gold and green!

Shall I ever stand on that hilltop again,
And view the same scenes that I viewed then—
That day, when for me, all nature smiled,
When I was naught but a little child?

Ah! can I forget the place of my birth,
Where first my eyes ope'd to this beauteous earth?
Can I ever forget that first, best loved spot?
Never! Though Heaven, itself, were forgot!

Written in 1884.

TO A STREAM.

On thy fair, bonny banks, while a May morn smiled,
In innocent joy played a little child,
And sweet-scented blossoms around her grew wild.

The birds sang and the hills rang
With the gay songs they sung;
Her heart beat light as the cheery birds', quite,
And her laugh, it merrily rung.

But as swift as thy flow,
The years come and go.

'Twas a sweet summer night and the breezes mild
Kissed the brow of a maid, once that little child,
And a youth whose heart beat in rapture wild.

Thy spray caught the ray
Of the moon's gentle beam;
Glances sweet, softly meet
In love's first sweet dream.

But as swift as thy flow,
The years come and go.

Ah! Time lingers not! A day stays but a day!
That sweet summer night, that bright morn in May,
And youth's joyous years long ago passed away!

Still the star from afar,
Palely gleams on thy breast;
But those two true-hearted, Fate rudely parted—
Who knows? Perhaps 'twas best.

Still as swift as thy flow,
The years come and go.

Written in 1884.

THE COT 'NEATH THE HILL.

Out in the cold world a wand'rer I roam,
Away from my friends, away from my home,
'Mong strangers I battle for raiment and bread,
For backs must be clothed, and mouths must be fed;
But in fancy's wild flights I wander at will,
And in fancy I fly to the cot 'neath the hill.

Once more I am happy within its four walls,
Once more sweetest music upon my ear falls,
For the voices of father and mother I hear,
And no other music can so charm my ear.
Above life's jarring discords, my heart echoes still
That melody heard in the cot 'neath the hill.

In the fierce heat of toil, in the midst of dark cares,
I remember that cot, and I do in my prayers;
'Tis the home of my parents, O most hallowed spot!
How can I forget thee, thou far-away cot!
I can meet the world's frown, but my heart 'twill not chill
While mem'ry can turn to the cot 'neath the hill.

Away from its shelter an exile I roam,
But my heart fondly clings to that dear, cottage home,
Though humble, no palace how stately or fair,
Or gorgeous in splendor, with it may compare!
Though I roam the wide world, let me go where I will,
There's no place on earth, like the cot 'neath the hill!

In dreams I behold oft again the loved spot,
That holy of holies—that dear, sacred cot;
Such visions I welcome with rapturous joy,
Though the dawns all these blissful illusions destroy;
I awake with a start and an anguishing thrill,
To remember I'm far from the cot 'neath the hill!

Out in the cold world I've wandered afar,
But the cot 'neath the hill, like a fixed, guiding star,
Sheds over my pathway a clear, lustrous light,
Dispelling the gloom and illuming the night.
Its bright rays shall follow my footsteps until
I'm safe once again *in* the cot 'neath the hill.

Written in 1889.

THREE SCORE AND TEN.

When life's fair morning on thee smiled,
And youth was full of radiant hope,
When thou wert but a happy child,
How distant seemed its shadowy slope!

How long the morning hours and slow!
How swift the fervid noontide passed!
And now has come the sunset glow,
'Tis here—that far-off time, at last!

For on thy brow the crown of age
Rests like a silvery diadem,
And Time has turned for thee the page
On which is writ, "Three score and ten!"

What pleasure, in the calm of eve,
To draw apart from din and strife,
And let the memory subtly weave
The threads that form the web of life.

Some threads are rich and gay and bright
As any rainbow-tinted dream,
While some are somber-hued as night,—
How thick among the bright they seem!

While thus alone, from all apart,
Thou'rt musing on thy vanished years,
What hallowed memories stir thy heart,
And move the fountain of thy tears!

What visions float thine eyes before!
What voices all thy being thrill!
Around thee throng thy friends of yore,
Some, friends whose voices now are still.

And there amidst the band, is one—
An angel boy with seraph smile,
Whose stay on earth so soon was done;
He only strayed from Heaven awhile.

The best of life should be the last,
Serene and peaceful its repose,
The riches of the treasured past,
More precious prove as each year goes.

And, as adown life's shadowy slope,
Thy faltering footsteps further press,
May faith sublime and glorious hope,
Thy journey's onward progress bless!

*To my mother, Louisa M. Lucas, on
her 70th birthday, April 28th, 1903.*

FOUR SCORE AND FOUR.

How swiftly wing the flying years,
As life's highway I journey o'er;
How long the way behind appears,
How short before!

Yes, time speeds by with noiseless flight,
My morning hours, how quickly passed!
And glowing noon fast changed to night,
Too bright to last!

Around me fall the deepening shades,
The evening of my day is here;
Earth's vain and empty glory fades,
As Heaven draws near.

My life's a tale that's well-nigh told,
Its fitful dreams are almost o'er,
My years proclaim that I am old,—
Four score and four!

And not alone my years, ah no!
The faltering step, the failing eye,
The furrowed brow, this crown of snow,—
All testify.

But pausing now and then to rest,
The traveler turns him to survey
The lengthening path his feet have pressed,—
The backward way.

What thrills of mingled joy and pain,
Within my bosom rise and swell,
As memory leads me back again,
By magic spell.

Again the friends of yore I see,
Dear comrades of the days gone by,
How many wait to welcome me
Beyond the sky!

And I behold with clearer eyes,
One dearer loved than all the rest
That wait for me in Paradise,
Where all are blest.

Companion both in sun and shade,
He was the sunshine of my heart,
To whom the sacred vow I made,
"Till death us part!"

As twilight's gathering shades appear,
The heavenly vision grows more bright,
"At eventide," O promise dear!
"It shall be light."

So, trusting in God's love and power,
With strengthening hope of life to come,
I calmly wait, nor dread the hour
That calls me home.

*To my Aunt Eliza M. Symmes, on the
84th anniversary of her birth,
April 18th, 1904.*

AN APRIL SHOWER.

My mother's had a birthday,
As everybody knows,
At least, 'most everybody,
Her shower of greeting shows,

Which came from every quarter,
From friends both far and near,
From children and grandchildren,
Brothers and sisters dear.

From nephews and from nieces
The greetings were galore,
From friends at home and friends abroad
Were added many more.

It was a treat to see and note
The pleasure and surprise
That beamed upon the dear, old face,
And shone within her eyes,

When she found within the mail-box,
Such a rich and bounteous store,
And as she read with eager haste,
Each loving message o'er.

And more than once her eyes were dim
With a sudden starting tear,
When they fell upon some tender word,
From one she holds most dear.

How many cherished memories
Of days of "Auld Lang Syne,"
Were waked by some familiar hand
In the tracing of a line!

And how surprised to hear from friends
Unheard from many a year;
She did not dream from some of these
She e'er again would hear.

And so the birthday came and went,
But left behind a joy—
A fragrant memory in the heart,
That time can ne'er destroy.

To Mother—

*On the 77th Anniversary
of her birth, April 28th, 1910.*

A BIRTHDAY GREETING.

To thee, my teacher and my friend,
A birthday greeting warm, I send;
With thee rejoice that Time shouldst be
So kind and generous to thee;
And yet, this boon of him I pray,
To spare thee still for many a day.

To spare thee still to use thy might
Against the wrong and for the right;
To use thy wondrous gift of speech,
To shame the false, the truth to teach.
Thy work for others still to do,
God's plans and purposes pursue.

So gently hath Time touched thy brow,
That, though thy years are three score now,
I marvel at the youthful grace
I see reflected in thy face.
The spirit's ever young, I hold;
Who says that thou art growing old?

Time, in his ceaseless, onward roll,
But adds new vigor to the soul;
Though in a tenement of clay,
The deathless soul knows no decay,
But only richer, riper grows,
With summer suns and winter snows.

When *is* one old? ah! who may know?
Who, secret of the mystery, show?
An eye bedimmed, or silvery hair,
A faltering step, form bent by care,
Are these the tokens—such alone,
That prove when one has older grown?

Ah no! the signs by which 'tis told
When one has graciously grown old,
Are not *all* found in locks of snow,
Or failing eye, or step grown slow;
Not in the mortal frame whose power
Doth bloom and wither as a flower.

But in the tranquil spirit's poise,
The spirit free from earth alloys,
Its perfect trust, its faith sublime,
That sees beyond the bounds of time;
Its quick response to woe's appeals,
The tender sympathy it feels.

Oh! envy not youth's idle boast!
'Tis but a dream, or hope, at most,
Which, like a budding leaf or flower,
May, hapless, perish in an hour;
While age may boast of dreams come true,
Of great things *done* and not *to do*!

The winged years as they have flown,
Held sacred treasures all their own,
Each brought its pleasures and its pains,
Its blessings, losses, and its gains,
From which thy spirit learned some truth
Unknown to visionary youth.

Oh! rich indeed, my friend, art thou!
Be proud, content and happy now!
Rich in a faith grown strong with years,
Rich in the love that calms all fears,
Rich in the memories of thy past,
Who would not prize a wealth so vast?

*To Miss Ruth E. Brockett,
Preceptress of Rio Grande College,
on her 62nd birthday, March 9th, 1903.*

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

Upon this dear, familiar spot,
With cherished memories richly fraught,
Like to a loyal soldier band,
The student hosts of Rio Grande,
With single purpose to attain,
Have rallied to her call again.
From hills and vales, from far and near,
Tonight her children gather here,
To honor one we hold most dear!

We students of old Rio Grande,
Who form a strong and steadfast band,
With one accord and loud acclaim,
Unite in honoring his name,
Whose store of learning, wealth of mind,
Make him a power among mankind;
Whose precepts and example, each,
The loftiest truths and virtues, teach;
Whose character presents to view
Such noble traits and faults so few;
Whose clean, pure life, in its design,
Exemplifies the one Divine!
Together here tonight we meet,
Our peerless President to greet,
And lay our tributes at his feet!
To celebrate in fitting way,
And mark this anniversary day,
For, as the record now appears,
His work of twenty-five long years,
In our loved school of Rio Grande,
Completed and approved doth stand.
His worth and work cannot be sung,
Or fitly praised by pen or tongue;
Eternity alone can show
How much to him his pupils owe.

While we rejoice with him to-day,
In twenty-five years more, we pray,
When they shall roll around complete,
That we may then together meet,
And when reunions here are o'er,
We'll rally on the other shore,
And in that brighter, better land,
Unite the hosts of Rio Grande!

*To Dr. John M. Davis,
President of Rio Grande College, upon
the completion of his twenty-fifth
year of work in that institution.
Celebrated June 15th, 1904.*

RIO GRANDE.

There's a place in Gallia County,
 Dear to me,
Where nature's hand with lavish bounty—
 Full and free,
Has scattered wealth of charm exquisite,
'Tis a place I love to visit,
Do you, can you ask, where is it?
 Go and see.

As to Rome, all roads lead to it,—
 Far and near,
Should you take one, you'll not rue it,
 Never fear!
But thereafter you'll pursue it,
Sure and eager be to do it,
Glad and anxious to review it
 Every year.

'Tis on Gallia's bosom resting,
 'Mong the hills,
Like a mother-bird while nesting,
 Safe from ills;
Loyal to her heart's selection—
There my heart turns with affection,
While my memory courts reflection
 With its thrills.

There our people flock together
 Every June,
What may be the wind or weather,
 Or the moon,—
Whether in the "dark," or shining,
Showing clouds with silver lining,
Or behind the hills declining
 All too soon.

There the student minds may blossom
 Like the rose.
Few the dangers there to cross them,
 Or oppose,

But in steady march advancing,
No retreat, no backward glancing,
With each step, the goal entrancing
Nearer grows.

'Tis old Gallia's seat of knowledge
And her pride,
Her beloved and fruitful college
Famed so wide:—
The fairest, finest in the land,
To thee I pledge my heart and hand
And loyalty, O Rio Grande!
True and tried!

Heaven's love and care enfold thee,
Rio Grande!
Dear our hearts shall ever hold thee,
Understand.
We pray no ill may thee betide,
To thee no blessing be denied,
For thee, we know, there's none beside
In the land!

Years speed by with rapid measure,
By the score,
But thy memory I treasure
More and more.
When age shall crown my brow with snow,
And feeble footsteps move too slow,
To thee, in memory, still I'll go
As of yore.

Time may grief and trouble cause me,
Life's demand,
But thy magic charms and draws me
Like a band—
Draws and holds me, and O never,
Shall the strong tie break or sever,
Bound, my heart, to thee forever,
Rio Grande!

To my Alma Mater, June, 1918.

REFLECTIONS

ON THE HIGH SCHOOL CLASS OF 1909.

The High School class of 1909,
A theme for story, song, or rhyme,
Demands a worthier pen than mine.
Could I rehearse its fame and glory,
'Twould be, indeed, a wondrous story,
For you must know its members nine,
The brilliance of the stars outshine.

First, Rachel Butcher, good and true,
Is just the girl for me and you,
Both wise and gentle, she is, too.
Her chosen path to honor leads,
By which one always best succeeds.
She does not oft engage in strife,
Preferring higher planes of "Life."

Next, Ethyl Clark, dear little maid!
To her mother dear, she lends her aid;
In fact, of work, she isn't afraid.
She sweeps and bakes and mends her clothes,
Much in and out of a book she knows.
She hustles 'round like a regular Turk,
She knows what's what, and "What is Work."

The next whose praises I shall sing,
You'll know at once, to be Madge King,
For pluck, she does beat anything!
She's brave and witty, bright and gay,
And seems light-hearted all the day,
Besides, I'm sure she's kind and dutiful,
Her home is in "Ohio Beautiful."

Now Flossie Luckey, you'll confess
A charming maiden, nothing less,
Yet, from her air, you'd never guess
How much she knows, nor yet how plucky
Can be this modest Flossie Luckey.
You can't find a more surprising one,
From here to the "Land of the Rising Sun."

Blanche Matthews next claims your attention,
A girl indeed worth while to mention;
To praise her, needs no rare invention.
There is none brighter in her class,
Or worthier than this winsome lass.
Preserves are her delight, one knows,
Her "Preservation of Forests" shows.

The next one in this class of nine,
That claims from me a passing rhyme,
Is one who has a record fine.
She's spirited and has a troop
Of virtues rare, has Carrie Rupe,
And more she has—a kind of craze,
"The Reconstruction of Water Ways."

Now in this model class is one
Whose record cannot be outdone,
Most nobly were his laurels won!
His name?—Oh yes! I 'most forgot
To tell you that. It's Hollis Scott.
He's proved by his heroic plan,
A hero, as "The Laboring Man."

The next is clever as you'll find,
Besides she's gracious, sweet and kind;
I'm sure you've guessed the one in mind.
Yes, Helen Thomas is her name,
Which may someday be known to fame,
Though her investment now be small,
She'll gain "The Interest on the Principal."

Now Mary Ward must not be passed,
Though in this list she stands the last,
For at the foot, she can't be classed.
Sometimes the order is reversed,
The first is last, the last is first,
And of any, Mary stands the peer,
In this, "The Great Centennial Year."

To the Cheshire High School Class of 1909.

“WE HAVE CROSSED THE BAY—
THE OCEAN LIES BEFORE US.”

Before us the great, broad ocean lies,
We have only crossed the bay;
We gaze o'er its waters with anxious eyes,
And see but the line where it meets the skies—
Alas! such a little way!

But we know that beyond, it stretches far,
That its waters are deep and wide;
We are leaving the bay and the sandy bar,
And launching out where the billows are—
Out on the swelling tide!

Our hopes rise high and our hearts beat light,
As our boat glides gaily along
O'er the waters sparkling, clear and bright,
Like a blithesome bird wings its airy flight,
While echo repeats our song.

From treacherous shoals we must safely steer,
And the sharp rocks 'neath the spray,
The distant breakers we do not fear,
Their sullen roar we cannot hear,
They are yet, too far away.

The trackless waste before us spread,
We view with youth's conceit,
For little we fear and less we dread
That unknown perils may lie ahead,
But such we are ready to meet.

Ah! such is our courage, such the heart,
As we launch upon Life's great sea!
'Tis thus on the voyage of life we start,
But the test is, how we shall act our part,
When we meet calamity.

When the sea runs high and on every side
The tempests round us blow,
Ah! then if we're able to stem the tide,
And brave the storm and the billows ride,
True courage we may show.

For we may not hope to smoothly sail
All the way from beach to beach,
But expect to encounter many a gale,
And at last, perhaps, we may sadly fail
Of the port we long to reach.

We are hoping to enter the port "Success,"
Or the harbor of "Great Renown,"
But our ship may meet with dire distress,
What its fate may be, we cannot guess,
Yet we pray it may not go down.

But though we may miss the shining goal,
The harbor fail to gain,
Though our puny strength may not control
The boisterous waves that round us roll,
The struggle will not be vain,

If we trust not alone in our feeble powers,
To stem the rolling tide,
But depend on the Hand that is stronger than ours,
When the sea is calm, or the storm-cloud lowers,
Our precious ship to guide.

*To the Cheshire High School Class of 1915,
whose motto is the title here used.*

A TOKEN OF LOVE.

Deep, deep within my heart enshrined,
Are memories, sister mine, of thee,
Whose life and love have been entwined
With mine from infancy.

How long the years since childhood's days,
Which we, together happy, spent,
Since we have gone our separate ways,
Upon life's work intent.

So long ago those days now seem,
Which recollection still holds dear,
That like a vivid, happy dream
They now, indeed, appear.

But as the years their changes rung,
Our pathways farther grew apart,
Still heart to heart together clung,
No change was in the heart.

Companion thou, and sharer too,
Of all my childish joy and grief,
No sorrow that my childhood knew,
But found, through thee, relief.

And still, amid life's changing scenes,
My heart, for counsel, turn to thee,
And on thy strength and courage leans,
Assured of sympathy.

Oh loyal heart! thy truth and worth,
Thy splendid value can't be told:
No rarer spirit dwells on earth,
No heart of purer gold!

There is a place within my heart,
—A consecrated, inner shrine,
For thee, dear sister, set apart,
Entirely, wholly, thine.

To my sister, Augusta M. Bing, 1919.

THE RUINS.

Here, once my habitation stood,
(A structure of a noble mold)
Where now I stand in solemn mood,
And mourn the wreck that I behold.
That home a shapeless ruin lies,
I see, yet scarce believe my eyes.

Ah no! it cannot, cannot be!
This wreck I only seem to view,
These crumbling walls I seem to see,
But only seem—it can't be true!
It is some wild, fantastic dream
In which strange fancies real seem.

I would it were, but ah alas!
It is no dream, no fancy wild;
'Tis fallen! in this shapeless mass
The ruins of my home are piled.
By one swift stroke destruction came,
A bolt—then quick, devouring flame.

'Tis perished! gone! its day is o'er!
No more it waits my glad return,
A haven for my rest no more,
For which I sadly, vainly, yearn.
No longer does its outline rise
Against the background of the skies.

I never thought to see its end—
To see its splendor laid in dust,
I grieve as for a cherished friend,
I sorrow as I, only, must,
For I, alone of all, am left
To mourn its loss, or feel bereft.

A mass of wreckage now it lies,
Though fragments of its walls remain,
Where windows stare like sightless eyes
That seem to suffer secret pain.
The pain I know is in my heart,
To see its glory thus depart.

But ah! a vision fills my eyes,
That blots these blackened walls from view;
I see a stately outline rise
In bold relief against the blue.
The picture's etched upon my brain,
With every detail clear and plain.

I see the roof that sheltered me
Through youth's long, happy, care-free years;
Oh! every feature still I see,
So vividly it all appears.
Indeed the vision of it seems
To haunt my memory and dreams.

I see the walls both high and wide—
The massive walls so thick and stout;
The windows set on every side,
From which so often I've looked out;
I see the porch, the open door
Through which I enter as of yore.

Within the old, familiar rooms,
I wander free, as fancy leads;
How bright the vision of them looms!
How swiftly fancy through them speeds!
I mount the stairways, broad and high,
So often climbed in days gone by.

Here is the wide and spacious hall,
And here, the chambers for the guest,
And here, the parlor, which of all
The loved rooms, I loved the best.
And here's the hearth we gathered round,
When wintry snows were on the ground.

And oh! the faces, dear and fair,
I see around that glowing hearth!
How few of those that gathered there
Are left to cheer my stay on earth!
So, where the firelight used to shine,
In memory becomes a shrine.

O cherished home, come back once more!
Within thy shelter let me rest!
Protect and guard me as of yore,—
A fledgling safe within its nest.
O home beloved! my tears fall fast
In memory of the happy past.

Among the mansions in the skies,
If there be waiting one for me—
To greet my soul with glad surprise,
I would 'twere fashioned after thee!
To find once more the home I miss
And mourn, would add to Heaven's bliss.

*In memory of the Old Homestead, known as the
Symmes Place, destroyed by lighting in 1912.*

A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE.

We kindred who today assemble,
The branches of a tree resemble,
And such, in very truth, are we,
The branches of a Family-Tree;
And one whose roots are deep and strong,
Is that to which we all belong,
In which we take a common pride,
It's grown so large and spread so wide,
And yet is growing, day by day,
Nor sign of blight does it betray,
But still in vigorous strength appears,
Despite the burden of its years;
It promises to live alway,
And never wither or decay!

Now, we of Matthews blood or name,
—a heritage to proudly claim,
Although we cannot trace our blood
Quite back as far as Noah's Flood,
Nor yet to any royal race,
May such a noble lineage trace,
That none who bear the Matthews name,
For that, need ever blush for shame;
But rather should he blush who dares
Disgrace the honored name he bears.
Among the ones, who, gone before,
The name of Matthews nobly bore,
Are our forebears who slumber here,
Who've lain at rest full many a year.

In spirit and in purpose, one,
We kindred have together done
The work on which our hearts were set,
And here together we have met,
Besides a host of other kin
Who could not come, are counted in.
All meet in spirit here today,
And fitting tribute fain would pay

To these, whose memory we revere,
Whose sacred dust reposes here.
To mark this consecrated spot,
And prove that they are not forgot,
The solemn rites we here observe,
And this Memorial Stone may serve.
It stands for all we would express
Of love and gratitude, nor less
Our sense of deep indebtedness.
How much we feel to them we owe,
This granite stone is here to show!
In grateful memory of the worth
Of these whose lives have blessed our birth,
To these, whose blood we proudly own,
We place and dedicate this stone!
Yet meager seems what we bestow,
Compared with the debt we owe.

When we recall those early years
Of struggle by the pioneers,
How rich, how blest, our lot appears!
Their trials and struggles blazed the way
Which we pursue with ease today.
'Tis by the hardships they endured
Our ease and comforts are secured.
When we the present with the past
In many various ways contrast,
Large looms the advantage on our side,
So much have we, they were denied.
We wonder how they lived, indeed,
Without the things we seem to need—
The things of which they did not dream,
That common comforts, to us, seem.
We marvel at the hardihood,
That every kind of hardship stood,
And such as bravely stood the test,
Our noble ancestry possessed.

Since early times, with rapid pace,
How great a change has taken place!

Here is a prospect, fair to view
As any, one may journey to;
But we who gather here to-day,
A vastly different scene survey
From that which must have met the gaze
Of pioneers, in early days.
I seem to see as on a screen,
(Imagination paints the scene)
This landscape as it then appeared,
When few small tracts of land were cleared,
And fewer rude log cabins reared;
When still the Red Man roamed at will,
Along these shores, from hill to hill.
And then, I seem to see, again,
A slowly westward-moving train,
Each heavy-laden caravan
By oxen drawn—a double span.
O'er mountain heights, o'er vales between,
O'er many a deep and wild ravine,
O'er unbridged rivers, swift and wide,
(Yet somehow crossed from side to side)
By slow degrees and long delays,
By devious and dangerous ways,
Beset by savage and by beast,
It journeys onward from the East—
This little emigrating band
That's traveling to a distant land,
Intending there to make a home,
And cultivate the virgin loam.

With such a little band, there came
One, Phineas Matthews called by name,
Who, at that period of time,
Was in his manhood's youthful prime.
The sire, and yet grandsire to be
Of unborn generations, he!
To try his fortune with the rest,
He sought the far-famed Middle West,
And on Ohio's lovely shore,
(His long and toilsome journey o'er)

He found what he had sought, at last,
And there his future lot was cast.
No doubt this fertile valley seemed
The garden-spot of which he'd dreamed!
He came, at length, to settle here,
His home and family to rear,
And, during his eventful life,
Three separate times he took a wife.
In this, 'tis only fair to state
That, judging by each chosen mate,
'Twould seem at least, he did not make
A very great or sad mistake;
From sturdy, sterling stock each came,
Who shared, in turn, his lot and name;
Each bore him sons and daughters, too,
The total number, (not a few)
Was something close to twenty-two!
Thus adding branches to our "Tree,"
And multiplying progeny.
So, 'tis a fact none can deny,
He could both add and multiply.

As he deserved, he prospered, too,
From small to large his fortune grew,
In circumstances richly blessed,
He much of this world's goods possessed,
While stretching far on every hand,
Lay acres of his fertile land!
But, with a lavish hand, he gave,
The while he toiled long years to save.
A Christian not in name alone,
But by his works the fact was shown.
The widow and the orphan, too,
His generous gifts and kindness knew.
His name, for Christ-like deeds was known,
What better fortune could one own?
And, to his honor be it said,
A clean and useful life he led;

Above reproach of all mankind
The record he has left behind;
While the example he has set,
Is worthy imitation, yet;
His character—each noble trait,
We would do well to emulate,
And thus preserve from stain or shame,
The honor of our blood and name.

*Written for and read upon the occasion of
the Dedication of a Monument to my grand-
father, Captain Phineas Matthews and con-
sorts, September 28th, 1916.*

THE LAST RALLY.

From fair Ohio's Seat of State,
A call comes ringing o'er the hills,
To meet there on a given date,
(Which every loyal bosom thrills)
To render homage to our Flags
That war reduced to shreds and rags!

O Veteran Heroes, brave and true!
Put on your regimentals gay!
That call, indeed, is meant for you,
So to Columbus haste away,
The honor of those Flags to share,
Once more your sacred colors bear!

To follow, with sad step and slow,
Those banners once so bravely borne,
Those relics of the long-ago,
Now battle-scarred and stained and torn;
To pay to them that tribute mute,
The soldier's reverent salute!

Ohio bids her "Boys" to come,
And welcomes them with outstretched hand,—
Her Veteran "Boys," who still are some
Among the bravest in the land,
In honor of those blood-stained folds,
Whose every shred she dearly holds!

Unfurl those Battle-flags once more,
To freely float upon the air!
Unfurl them once again, before
They're laid away with tender care;
Oh! let the peaceful breezes blow
And softly sway them to and fro!

Yes, let the winds of heaven play
Among their tatters once again,
For never may another day
Present them thus, to sight of men;
So fling them out upon the breeze,
To thrill the heart and eye that sees!

Once, in the thickest of the fray,
Mid shot and shell and cannon's roar,
Where hosts of dead and dying lay,
A royal part these banners bore.
All honor to these glorious Flags,
Though shattered, tattered, torn to rags!

Unfurl again these remnants gory,
Then lay away with reverent touch—
The emblems of our nation's glory,
Which mean, to loyal hearts, so much!
Ay! fold with care each priceless token,
To rest in endless peace unbroken.

*Written in honor of Ohio's Battle-flags,
upon the occasion of their transference from
the Relic Room to the Rotunda of the Cap-
itol, where they are to permanently remain,
encased and sealed in receptacles especially
designed for the purpose, April, 1916.*

IN HONOR OF OHIO'S BATTLE FLAGS.

Pause, ye, within this sacred shrine,
These cherished Battle Flags to view,
Where they repose in solemn line,
And pay to them the tribute due!
To them the deepest reverence tender,
A patriot's loyal homage render!

Once, in the thickest of the fray,
Mid shot and shell and cannon's roar,
Where hosts of dead and dying lay,
A royal part these banners bore.
All honor to these glorious folds
Ohio's heart so dearly holds!

Furled now, for aye, these remnants gory,
And laid away with reverent touch—
The emblems of our nation's glory
Which mean, to loyal hearts, so much!
Ay, furled with care each priceless token,
To rest in endless peace unbroken.

*Written by request to be framed and hung in the
Rotunda of the Capitol, where it has occupied a
place since the Battle Flags were transferred there.
1916.*

THE SILENT BUGLE.

Wrapped now in silence as of death,
This relic of a bygone strife,
While stilled forever is the breath
That waked its music, gave it life;
But could it tell its thrilling story,
It would recount a tale of glory.

For it could tell of that great struggle
In our own homeland of the free,
And of the part it played—this bugle,
On Sherman's long march to the sea,
When clear it trumpeted each note
That burst from out its silvery throat.

Hushed now its voice—its work is o'er!
No more it sounds the call to arms,
Its music thrills the blood no more,
Nor wakes the brave to war's alarms.
As he, who quickened it to life,
It rests from duty, free from strife.

*To The Bugle that did service at Gen.
Sherman's Headquarters and on his march
to the Sea.—1917.*

THE NEXT PRESIDENT.

"Who's goin' to be the President
Next time?" asked Uncle Ben,
"And who deserves to be, think you,
Of America's great men?"
Said Uncle Joe, "We've got the stuff,
We've got material enough.

To begin with, there's our Roosevelt,
I'll name him, though of course
He don't figger as a candidate,
Still a little artful force
Might compel capitulation,
Should they spring his nomination.

Then there's Fairbanks, Knox, and—let me see,
Oh yes! there's Governor Hughes,
Each with a large constituency
That boast it cannot lose."

"You've named but true and loyal men,
But they're not all," said Uncle Ben.

"Well, there's Bryan, too," said Uncle Joe,
(Here he made an ugly face)
And other small fry on that side,
Keeps sticking to the race;—
Oh! I forgot to mention *Taft*!"
Then both old chaps just roared and laughed!

Now Uncle Ben, he cleared his throat,
And said to Uncle Joe,
"When you're namin' of our biggest men,
Like they're settin' in a row,
Why don't you rightly head the list?
The biggest one of all, you've missed!

The biggest and the grandest, too,
Our country proud can boast,
Although 'tis true, of noble sons,
She has a mighty host!
I'm speakin' now of our J. B.
He is the candidate for me!

He stands for loyal fellow-man,
Of whatever blood or race,
And the right of man to plead his cause,
When threatened with disgrace.
Himself a soldier, tried and true,
He asks for such a soldier's due.

He never was a cowboy wild,
Nor killed no 'Teddy bears,'
At least I never heard of it,
But by the way he dares
To wield his good, strong arm for right,
A whole menagerie he'd fight!

'Twant never specified, I guess,
As essential to the part,
That a man who would be President,
Must as a cowboy start,
Nor be obliged to kill a bear,
Who'd hope to occupy the chair.

But when it comes to qualities
That would the office grace,
Our peerless J. B. Foraker
Stands in the foremost place!
Our country's most deserving son,
For President, he is just the one!

He has the gifts that qualify
For the Presidential Chair,
And he can boast a record, too,
That'll close inspection bear.
Our Senior Senator, you see
Is the *only* candidate for me!"

When Uncle Ben had said his say,
He turned around to go,
But chanced to catch the twinkling eye,
And smile of Uncle Joe,
Who said, "Let me say somethin' Ben,—
To all you've said, I say, 'Amen!'"

But you cut in 'fore I got through,
You got a trifle fast,
Instead o' namin' the biggest fust,
I was goin' to name him *last*;
Yes, I was waitin' to begin
Oh that same line when you sailed in!"

Then they shook hands, these fine old chaps,
With hearty clasp and cling,
And gave three cheers for Foraker!
That made the welkin ring!
And echo gave an answering cheer,
"Hip, hip, hurrah for Foraker!"

Written during the Presidential campaign of 1908

CONSOLATION.

Why should the simple loss of hair,
Afflict your soul with such despair,
When other people's you can wear,
Enough to make the public stare?
Why should you "rare" and tear and swear?

Of course you cannot well suppose
That on the public you impose,
For no one thinks, (though no one knows)
Such wealth upon your own head grows,
Not e'en your friends, or foes, or beaux.

But since your brow you may adorn
With fluffy tresses deftly worn,
When of your own wealth you are shorn,
Why should dear Mary sadly mourn,
Or scanty locks be madly torn?

Now, if I were compelled to choose
That which I'd rather spare, or lose,
My hair or head—here are my views:
(The statement bald, I pray excuse)
The crown of glory I'd refuse!

For while such glory you may buy,
When nature fails in her supply,
Why, you may challenge Art's own eye,
And even nature scorn, defy!
No need to sigh, or cry, or dye!

To Mary—

*In view of her "departing glory,"
and the remaining "pathetic, little wad."
1912.*

A SHEIK OF SAHARA.

A Sheik of Sahara once got into trouble,
Or, so 'twas reported—a terrible muddle!
He told a young maid, (just imagine the thing!)
Where a man could be found with a diamond ring!
A man—and what's more—a man, I declare
Who has—was it brains?—no a shock of red hair!
Now I do not believe
You'll be slow to perceive
That this brilliant young Miss,
Could but smile in her sleeve;
For her love is a King, not a Sheik, nor a sheep,
And his heart is her own forever to keep!
Ay, a man among men, and a King among Kings,
And he owns a whole barrel of diamond rings!
That's why she's not wearing the commonplace things!
Besides he has "dash," and a-plenty of "cash,"
And no fear of that Sheik a-making a "mash;"
So, the wise thing for that Sheik to do, I would say,
Is, go back to Sahara, and there let him stay!

In answer to a valentine signed,

"A Sheik of Sahara."

February 14th, 1899.

THE LEADING MAN.

Once, every fool and wise man, too,
 (Or so 'tis said) since time began,
Although the hardest part to do,
 Assumes the role of "Leading Man!"
Yes, every son of Adam's race,
From Adam clear on down to Chase!

So Freeman dared to play the part,
 To try, thought he, would be no sin,
To woo fair Ella, win her heart,
 And did he win?—did Freeman Winn?
Look at the smiling, blushing bride
Who stands so proudly by his side!

How dear the Price it cost did seem,
 To play successfully this part!
How dearer grow, he did not dream,
 Nor that the role required such art,
But then, to see he's made a "hit,"
Does not require a grain of wit.

'Twas like a long and hard-won race,
 But from the best received advice,
The prize was worthy of the Chase,
 The Chase most richly worth the Price!
Let Freeman Winn! In any case,
His wife will ne'er give up the Chase!

*To my classmates in college,
Ella Rebecca Price and Freeman Winn Chase,
upon the event of their marriage,
November 16th, 1904.*

SUSIE'S FELLER.

(*As portrayed by Susie's little brother.*)

Me an' Susie's feller's thickern theeves!
Him an' Susie's goan t'marry ever one b'leeves.
But I shant tell no sekruts, an' nobuddy noaz,
Tho' Suze's ben a-gittin' a mity site o' cloze;—
I got sevral peeps at 'em, she don't no I did,
She's so patiklur 'bout keepin' 'em hid!
Her an' ma duz lots o' talkin', too, on the sly,
Stoppin' of a suddint, whenever I cum by.
But her feller! he's the best one 'at Susie ever had,
He sutes me, an' pleezes ma, an' he's jes' immence with
dad!

So ef he wants t'marry Suze,
I don't see why he kant,
Fer you kin bet yer brand noo shuze,
We wont say he shant!
He 'greeze in polytix with pa,
An' brags on ma's cookin',
An' says, "no wonder with sech a ma,
Susie's so good-lookin'!"
But the *best* thing 'bout him I kin see,
Is, 'at he *jes wurships me!*
Brings me kandy an' things to eet,
That I'll be boun' kant be beet!
Fixt my kite, helps sail my boat,
An's promist to bring me a reel live goat!
But Tommy Snodgrass sez I'm meller,
To freaz so tite to Susie's feller,
Sez he's jes sof-sopin' me,
(Tom's as envyus as kin be!)
But Susie's feller—he's all rite!
Anywaiz he treats me white!
He never asts me at the tabul,
Who killed Kain, or who wuz Abul,
Makin' the foax all look at me,
Soaz I *must* upset my tee,
Er choak on sumpin, er drop my fork,

An' wush him furthern Noo York!
An' then he never calls me "kid,"
Like Susie's other fellers did,
Ner teeze me 'bout that Jones boy's sister,
'At I *jes hate!*—an' say I kist her!
Ner make remarx about my hair,
Cauz the culler of it's rare;
He don't encurridge the layin' roun'
O' pins pints up, where he'll set down;
In short, it's plane as plane kin be,
He's stuck on our foax—spechully *me!*

Written about 1890.

THE FISHING.

Two worthy dames were often wishing
With all their hearts to go a fishing—
That they had nothing else to do,
But just to fish, the whole day through!
To get away from every care
And trouble to which flesh is heir,
And through the livelong, sunny day,
Just fish and fish the hours away!
This was the burden of their dreams,
They seldom talked on other themes.
Upon this thing their minds seemed bent
And as they needed none's consent,
They just made up their minds that they
Would go a fishing, one fine day.
So, armed with rods and lines and bait,
They sallied forth in royal state,
And leaving all their cares behind,
These worthy dames their steps inclined
To where the river broadly smiles,
And e'en the wary one beguiles,
And there, as they so long had wished,
They sat and fished, and fished, and fished!

'Tis true, indeed, on sport intent,
These worthy dames a fishing *went*,
But they returned in sorry plight,
They did not get *a single bite!*
And sad to think, oh! very sad!
These worthy dames were somewhat mad!
But this each caught, (so I was told)
A frightful monster—of a cold!

Written in the summer of 1891.

CRISMUS COMIN'.

(*"Uncle" talks to the Pickaninnies.*)

Good ole Crismus am a-comin',
An' hit gittin' mighty nigh,
Doan yo' heah de angels strummin'
On deah banjoes in de sky?
Lissen clos'—'peahs lak dey hummin',
"Little chillun, Crismus comin',
Hit'll be heah bimeby."

Ebry pickerninny's stockin'
Gotter hang up by de flu',
Er ole Santy wont leab noffin
Foh a single one ob yo'.
Dem scanlus tings yo' mammy say,
Dey mus' be mendered right erway,
Else de stuffin' all drap fru!

Mighty bizzy man am Santy,
Got no time ter fool erway,
When he step in dishyer shanty,
Monstrus little time he stay.
Gotter ten' ter bizness steady,
Ef de stockings aint be ready—
Hops right 'im lightin' sleigh!

Lan! sech holes! Hit sho' am shockin'!
How yo' reckon Santy do?
Gwine ter pars by ebry stockin'—
'Less yo' men' 'em good an' true.
Mandy Jane! yo' quite yo' rockin'!
Git t'wuk an' patch yo' stockin',
Lak yo' mammy tell yo' to!

Whut de mattah now wid Sissy?
Whut dat chile a-crying' 'bout?
No indeedy, little Missy,
Yo' aint gwine ter be lef' out!
Yo' lil' stockin' stuffed wid candy
Sho' will be, foh sistah Mandy
Mek hit so hit good an' stout.

Dar now honey, doan be grievin'!
Bettah larf instiddah cry,
Yo' ole Uncle aint deceivin',
Santy nebbah pars yo' by!
When yo' see de tings he fetchin',
How yo' little stockin' stretchin'—
Hol' yo' bref!—an' bug yo' eye!

Bress de lam'! Hit sho' am funny
Santy know jes whut ter bring,
But dat am 'im bizness, honey,
Cose he know mos' ebryting!
He know heap mo'—laws-a-massy!
Dan yo' Uncle er Aunt Cassy!
'Spec he sompin lak er King!

Allus trabels in er hurry,
But he gran' an' stylish, too,
Wahs a cap and coat all furry,
Mighty lak de rich folks do.
But his heart—dar aint none biggah,
Foh he min' de little niggah,
He remembah all ob yo'.

Cose he got ter be a-speedin',
So he finish fo' hit day,
But he tote whut yo'all needin',
When he trabin' on his way,
Wid dat reindeah team so nobby—
(Reindeahs sho' am Santy's hobby)
I'se done tol' yo' 'bout de sleigh.

Comes, he do, when yo'all sleepin',
Fills yo' stockings on de sly,—
Ef he cotch an eye a-peepin',
He doan stop ter say goo'bye—
Grabs his pack an' up de chimbly,
Way he come, he scoot so nimbly
An' so fas' yo' tink he fly!

Dar he fin' de reindeahs waitin'
Wid de sleigh out on de roof,
How dey got dar, I'se not statin',
But dey *dar*, an' dat de truff!
Den erway dey go a-dashin'
Fru de snow and ahr a-flashin'—
When yo' *sees* 'em , cose hit *pruff*!

Crismus time am sho'ly wingin',
Be heah fo' yo' bat yo' eye,
Good ole possum hit am bringin',
Puddin', cake an' chicken-pie!
Trus' Aunt Cassy fo' de fixins,
Bilin', bakin', an' de mixins,
Caint outdone huh, ef yo' try!

Aint yo' smell dat possum roas'in',
Smack yo' lips an' tas' him too?
An' de sweeten-taters toas'in'?
Ef yo' aint, yo' Uncle do.
Lordy! how my ole mouf wortah,
Jes a-tinkin—dreamin' sortah—
But de dream am comin' true!

Gib dat possum ter Aunt Cassy,
When she do huh berry bes',
Wid de rascal fat an' sassy,
Let yo' Uncle do de res'!
Bake him good an' brown an' tendah,
Den ah bus' mah ole su'pendah,
An' de buttons off mah ves'!

Whut yo' say? Shucks! yo' git plenty!
Uncle leab some nebbah feah,
Dar be cooked ernuff foh twenty!—
So yo, boun' ter git yo' sheah.
Cose yo' *'spected* ter eat hahty,
At yo' Uncle's dinnah pahty,
Crismus come but onct er yeah.

But taint propah ter ak greedy,
Lak yo' nebbah et befo',
Min' yo' mannaahs! yas, indeedy!
'Nuddah time yo' mought git mo',—
'Less yo' bus' yo' insides eatin',
Den dar be no mo' repeatin',
Ob de pleazuh, dat am sho'.

Um! de truck yo' Aunty makin'!
Hesh yo' mouf an' tak er snuff!
Puddins, pies, an' cakes she bakin',
Fo' yo' all's insides ter stuff,
Ef yo' Uncle aint m'stakin',
Yo' lil' stummicks all be achin'
Fo' yo' knows yo' got ernuff!

Mistah Crismus gittin' nighah,
Soon be steppin' roun' onct mo',
Caint yo' step a little sryah,
Mistah, dan yo' has befo'?
Cose we doan wush ter be crowdy,
But we wants ter tell yo' "howdy!"—
An' ter meet yo' at de do.'

Christmas 1918

A SONG OF PRAISE.

As straws may show the way wind blows,
So holes and darns bespeak poor hose,
From which, as everybody knows,
There follows fast a train of woes.
Such woes, indeed, are hard to master,
When on the heels of each disaster,
There follow fresh ones, fast and faster!

Now if these troubles you would end,
Your fortune and your hose both mend,
To me an ear attentive lend,
While I the sure cure recommend.
The remedy that I suggest,
If you but try, you'll find the best
Of any ever put to test.

It is no secret I declare,
But 'tis a privilege all may share,—
A privilege I mean to wear
The Wear-proof hose,—beyond compare!
You'll find no other hose as nice
In style, or looks, or fit, or price,
Besides, they'll outwear others thrice!

That Wear-proof hose will wear indeed,
A proof that "he who runs may read,"
And one that you'll do well to heed,
Is, that they're fully guaranteed
Four months, without a darn or hole
In heel, or toe, or leg, or sole;
The makers thus their worth extol.

Such comfort and delight they bring,
Away all other kinds you'll fling,
And to the Wear-proof fondly cling,
Whose praise you will forever sing.
They're fashioned just to fit the feet,
So they're both comfortable and neat,
And you'll declare, "They can't be beat!"

They're products of a perfect plan,
The best hose made since time began,
For wear of woman, child, or man—
Of hosiery, they lead the van!
In silk and lisle and cotton, too,
Of styles both beautiful and new,
You're sure to find just what suits you!

A straw may show the way wind blows,
The fickle wind, in turn, oft shows
(Alike to either friends or foes)
The holes and darns upon your hose,
Which you, alas! with humbled pride,
Have desperately and vainly tried
Beneath your skirt, or pants, to hide.

You flush beneath the scornful glance,
As sharp and keen as any lance,
Bent just below said skirt, or pants,
(Your sex decides which circumstance).
You know that just above your shoe,
Both holes and darns appear to view,
Each moment growing larger, too!

And then there falls upon your ear,
(Perhaps not meant for you to hear)
A chance remark, and very clear,
A sound resembling a sneer.
It is in vain you turn your head,
Your face becomes a fiery red,
You wish, alas! that you were dead!

That glance seems fastened on like glue,
You feel it piercing through your shoe
And laying bare your sole to view,
Besides what each poor toe's gone through!
While each and every separate hole
Upon your heel, or toe, or sole,
Feels like a burning, red-hot coal!

Now, if you wear the Wear-proof hose,
No matter how the strong wind blows,
No hole or darn would it expose,
But 'twould to all, this truth disclose,
(Which you've no doubt already guessed)
That Wear-proof hosiery stands the test
Of wear and wind and weather, best.

A scornful glance you do not dread,
When to the Wear-proof you are wed;
You're proud to show such hose, instead,
And so, lift high your skirts and head,
Assured that every passing glance
That on your ankles falls by chance,
Will linger there as in a trance!

And furthermore, you do not fear
A chance remark, or covert sneer,
They're meant for some one else—that's clear,
When you wear hose without a peer!
The hose I mean—the peerless kind,
As those who wear them always find,
Are Wear-proof hose, please bear in mind.

No longer need your soul despair,
No need to feel such anxious care
When you put on a Wear-proof pair,
For they're the kind that always *wear*!
They're made of such superior yarn,
You never have a hole to darn,
To save your sole from future harm.

Would you darn socks the whole year round,
When such a treasure can be found,
(Which may, indeed, belief astound!)
As hose that *stay* quite whole and sound?
If you are reasonable you'll see
That time thus spent would foolish be,
And such work, wasted energy.

Now if you're wise, I know you'll try
The Wear-proof hose, when next you buy,
(Though low in price, they yet come high—
This fact indeed, I'll not deny)
And then, I'm sure that you'll agree
And ever after sing with me
The praise of Wear-proof hosiery!

By way of advertisement, 1915.

THE O. K. UNDERWEAR.

Now comes the O. K. Underwear
Displayed by dealers everywhere;
But should you meet, by any chance,
Such an unlucky circumstance
As—"out of stock"—the thing to do,
Is have them order some for you
Directly from the O. K. mills,
Whose force each order promptly fills.
You'll find their goods are "just immense!"
A single garment fifty cents:
At such a price, the first to pay,
For they are knit the dollar way:
Instead of eight ribs to the inch,
They're now made ten, and that's a "cinch!"
So roomy—cannot scratch, or pinch.
They're close-knit, but elastic, too,
Just try them, and you'll find it true.
When O. K. Underwear you've known,
No other kind you'll ever own.
A dollar buys a union-suit,
And cheap at that, none can dispute.
Goodbye goose-flesh and chattering teeth,
When you an O. K. are beneath,
For they are woolly, soft and warm,
And shaped to fit the human form.
When this fine garment you are in,
It's like pure joy against your skin!
The wear is knit of mule-spun yarn—
There's never any hole to darn;
And also made with rip-proof seams,
The kind of which one reads—and dreams,
But hitherto has failed to find,
Until there came the O. K. kind;
And being fine and closely knit,
The cuffs and collars snugly fit;
The shoulders and the ankles, too,
In fact, all parts are fashioned true.

The elbows and the seat, you'll find
Are full and wide, so do not bind;
The buttons, pearl, and such a size
As gives both pleasure and surprise;
All edges, too, are laundry-proof,
Which sounds too good to be the truth.
In naming features that excel,
Long on the subject I might dwell,
And yet not all their merits tell.
The pudding's proof—you know the rest,
Just put the O. K. to the test,
And prove the truth I've tried to show,
The facts that I would have you know,
For in buying knitted underwear,
You only need to have a care
To get that with the O. K. label,
To learn this tale is not a fable.

Another advertisement, 1915.

THE POET.

A poet not alone is he
Who needs must *write* in poetry,
But one who sees, and thinks, and feels,
To whom God's handiwork appeals.
A poet he, by right divine,
Though he may never *write a line*.

Not he alone whose magic pen
Can thrill the hearts and souls of men,
Whose words, expressing thought sublime,
Are fashioned forth in pleasing rhyme,
But he who lifts admiring eyes,
To see the rainbow in the skies.

Not he alone whose subtle skill
In weaving words, the world may thrill,
Who's master of poetic art,
But he who has a poet's heart,
To which a child, by instinct, turns,
When for rare sympathy it yearns.

Not he alone whose name is heard
And spoken as a household word—
Whose name and works alike are known
And praised in every clime and zone,
But he whose humble name, may be
Entombed in deep obscurity.

And though he never may aspire
Or dare to touch the sacred lyre,
His gift it is to understand
The works of nature's mighty hand.
'Tis he whose quickened eyes behold
Alone, the rose above the mold.

The poet sees God's love and power,
Within the heart of every flower,
Whose soul with nature may converse,
Throughout the boundless universe,
Who owns a kinship with the clod,
And looks through nature up to God.

MY PRAYER.

Dear Lord of Love, on bended knee,
In prayer I lift my heart to Thee,
And with this plea my prayer begins,
That Thou wilt pardon all my sins!
Forgive! O Lord Divine, forgive,
And teach me how to better live!

Remember not, O Lord most blessed!
How oft Thy laws I have transgressed,
How oft my wayward feet have strayed
From paths wherein they should have stayed,
But help, dear Lord, I humbly pray,
To keep my feet in Virtue's way.

Yet when Thy laws I dare to break,
And Duty's righteous paths forsake,
Oh! may a sense of guilt and shame
Sweep o'er my conscience, like a flame,
And wake within a contrite breast,
The misery of wrong's unrest!

From sin's strong bondage set me free!
From all its wiles deliver me!
Remove, I pray, its subtle lure,
Cleans Thou and keep my spirit pure,
And in temptation, make me strong,
To do the right and shun the wrong!

For all Thy blessings, rich and free,
Thy many mercies shown to me,
I thank Thee, Lord, and for Thy care
Spread round about me everywhere,
That ever doth my steps attend,
And shall unto the journey's end.

And when that end shall come to me,
At home, abroad, on land or sea,
Forbid that I of faith should fail,
Or feel a coward spirit quail.
Let no vague doubts disturb my breast,
Or enter in to mar its rest.

May no dark fears my mind control,
Or shake the courage of my soul;
Let nothing rob my faith in Thee,
But let me fare forth trustingly
Out through the Shadow and the Night,
Into the Everlasting Light!

For length of days, I do not pray,
But that along my humble way,
Though few the years Thy grace shall grant,
Some seeds of kindness I may plant,
And that each day may be well spent,
Thus filled with peace and sweet content.

A life of ease I do not ask,
But heart and hands for every task,
The strength and grace to toil and bear
Life's burdens and its weight of care;
Instead of slothful, idle ease,
Dear Father, only grant me these!

For many friends, I'll not implore
Thee, whom I humbly bow before,
But O dear Lord, grant me a few,
That I may feel are staunch and true!
And then, I pray, let me not prove
Unworthy of their faith and love.

'Twould gratify no vain desire,
To have laid upon Love's altar fire,
The sacrifice of many hearts,
For me to prove the charmer's arts;
But I would cherish one alone,
One spirit kindred to mine own.

Give me but one responsive heart,
Of mine, the perfect counterpart,
With sympathy that understands
And satisfies the soul's demands,
That answers every smile and sigh,
And all the rest may pass me by!

Instead of outward charms and grace,
And beauty of both form and face,
I'd ask, dear Lord, be it Thy will,
Thy child's petition to fulfill,
The rarer graces of the mind,
With beauty of the soul combined.

I do not covet lands, or gold,
Or jewels that my hands may hold,
For better than such riches, far,
The gems of truth and virtue are,
Than which no others brighter shine,
Let these rare jewels, Lord, be mine!

Nor do I crave renown, or fame,
But only an unsullied name
That in the Book of Life Thy grace
May count as worthy of a place;
For praise of men I shall not care,
If only it be written there!
This, Heavenly Father, is my prayer!

1916.

THE HOME AND FIRESIDE.

The love of home and one's own fireside, is a sentiment as natural and abiding, as the love one cherishes for his parents, and, like that, it seems to have no definite beginning, unless indeed, it begins with the first breath of individual existence. Our earliest recollections cling to some hallowed spot known by the familiar name of home, and home is the center round which life circles to its close.

What varied emotions thrill the bosom in contemplating the theme! What memories are awakened! It is within the sacred precincts of home we greet the beloved presence of father and mother, and under the influence of their counsel and the example of their lives, our own characters are, in a great measure, moulded. It is here we receive our first impressions of truth and beauty and gain our first ideas of life and its responsibilities. How unfortunate the life, indeed how sad the lot of one who never knew a father's care or a mother's love; to whom is denied the memory of a mother's smile, a father's blessing! But far more unfortunate the one, though neither fatherless nor motherless, whose life is bereft of the heavenly influences of a true home, whose feet are taught to follow dark and hidden ways rather than the paths of righteousness. Oh! the comforts, the delights, the peace of a true home! It contains the sweetest consolations and the richest rewards of life. To it, we look for encouragement, sympathy and support, and from it, more than from any other source, receive assistance and inspiration!

It is the birthplace of our brightest hopes, highest ambitions and noblest resolves; the source of our most innocent pleasures, our deepest, most real happiness. It is the abode of our tenderest sympathies, warmest affections and most loyal faith.

But the fireside, of all places connected with the home, is the most familiar and delightful. Here, after the busy day is over, are gathered father, mother, brothers and sisters. Let us pause for a moment, to contemplate the charmed circle. Shall we ever forget the picture? No matter how far from it our feet may wander, no matter how far we be

removed by time, it is to the fireside scenes and associations that memory will oftenest return and dwell upon with most lingering fondness.

At the fireside, who has not indulged the "long, long thoughts" of youth? Whose fancy has not been quickened by the glowing flame, until his future rose before him, clothed in the garb of living reality? Oh! the possibilities of the unknown future, the glories of untried paths and the wealth of untasted joys! Yet, who has not had visions to which the soft firelight gave color and bright promise of realization, that faded from fancy's view, as does the glow from the firelight, until only the ashes of hope remained?

It is in speaking of the pleasures of the social circle, that Washington Irving pays this beautiful tribute to the fireside:

"There our thoughts are more concentrated, our friendly sympathies more aroused. We feel more sensibly the charm of each other's society and are brought more closely together by dependence on each other for enjoyment. Heart calleth unto heart, and we draw our pleasures from the deep wells of living kindness, which lie in the quiet recesses of our bosoms, and which when resorted to, furnish forth the pure element of domestic felicity.

The pitchy gloom without, makes the heart dilate on entering the room filled with the glow and warmth of the evening fire. The ruddy blaze diffuses an artificial summer and sunshine through the room, and lights up each countenance into a kindlier welcome. When does the honest face of hospitality expand into a broader and more cordial smile, where is the shy glance of love more sweetly eloquent than by the winter fireside? And as the hollow blast of wintry wind rushes through the hall, claps the distant door, whistles about the casement and rumbles down the chimney, what can be more grateful than that feeling of sober and sheltered security with which we look round upon the comfortable chamber and the scene of domestic hilarity?"

Has one wandered away from the shelter and love of the fireside into temptation and sin, what is so likely to arouse his sense of shame, or bring repentance to his soul, as the

remembrance of the fireside he left, with all its sacred influences? Perhaps the picture of a mother's sweet, earnest face rises before him, gazing upon him with tender, yet reproachful eyes. Can he endure that silent reproof and not resolve in the depths of his heart to forsake his evil way and return to the path she taught him to follow?

To the absent one, there is a surpassing rapture in the anticipation of the home return. Who has not experienced it? How fondly the mind pictures the awaited greeting! How each loved face, in imagination, is beaming with love and wreathed with smiles of welcome! Again is felt the warm pressure of the hand and lip, which speak so much more than the faltering tongue in those first rapturous moments. Every familiar spot about the dear, old place, beckons us homeward. The friendly boughs of the old trees invite us to rest in the shade they spread on the soft carpet of grass beneath them. Already we breathe the pure, fresh air and listen to the murmur of the stream and song of birds. With what quickening pulse have we counted the weeks, then the days and at last the hours, ay, the very moments, that must elapse before the living picture greets our longing eyes! And the completed joy, the full realization, is beyond the power of words to express!

But our earthly homes are only temporary abodes. They must one day be broken and we must leave them to return no more, but oh!—blessed hope of Immortality!—there is a home which is abiding, where all is sunshine, peace and love, and this human love and longing and need of a home, teaches us to look to that home beyond the tomb as our permanent abode, that “House not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.”

Oration delivered upon graduating from the Preparatory Department of Rio Grande College, June 11, 1894.

THE ADVANCE OF UNIVERSAL PEACE.

Near the close of the nineteenth century, Victor Hugo prophesied: "Before the end of the twentieth century, war will be dead; the scaffold will be dead; national frontier divisions will be dead; hatred will be dead; creed will be dead; but man will live."

This prophecy embodies a sublime hope and covers in its vast sweep, the sum of human interests. The opportunity has not yet arrived to declare how clear was the prophetic vision. That the world is advancing intellectually and morally, there is no longer room to doubt. It needs but a brief study of history to be convinced of this truth. It is surprising that anyone can be a pessimist in the face of such abundant evidence that the tendency of the thought of to-day is toward a higher plane, that the sentiment of to-day is broader, more sympathetic.

In spite of the recent wars of South Africa, China and the Phillipines—in spite of this stain upon Christian civilization, it is, perhaps, the first item in the prophecy quoted, that one may judge as having more nearly reached fulfillment;—that before the close of the twentieth century war will be dead. The idea of universal peace long cherished by philanthropists, and as long sneered at as the fruitless dream of the visionary, is now agitating the great heart of the world. It has at last had a hearing. It has been made a theme of international consideration and received recognition as an attainable end.

The Peace Conference called by the Czar of Russia in 1899, in which the most important nations of the globe were represented, is a most remarkable indication of the broader spirit that is beginning to dominate mankind. The Czar declared that the time was ripe for such a conference, as every important treaty made in the last quarter of a century, contained some such suggestion or reference to the necessity and possibility of such a consummation. This council marks an epoch in the history of humanity. Well may it be the initiative of the new century. It is the most significant council convened in 1900 years. Its work

may be truly called the crowning triumph of the ages! What a mighty stride forward! What a step toward the establishment of "Peace on earth," and "Good will toward men!" It is not surprising that in response to the Czar's invitation to this conference, many nations stood still, or made but a weak and halting advance, so colossal was the step proposed, and it should be a matter of pride to English people that England and America moved at once to the front and in unison! It has been said that it is a great thing to get a great word uttered. All honor to the Czar of Russia, who has voiced this mighty sentiment for humanity and set in motion the tremendous vibration that has thrilled round the globe!

But there is a vast work to be accomplished before all nations will fall into line with this advanced movement. A vigorous campaign must be carried on against the prevailing sentiment in favor of the institutions of war. Nations vie with each other in maintaining the largest navies and standing armies, in the building of costly and splendidly equipped war vessels, in producing terrible engines of destruction, which though today are regarded as the climax of inventive genius, are destined to be displaced tomorrow by some new discovery or device, all of which is at the expense, not only of enormous sums of money, but alas! of both national and individual culture, progress and wealth-producing power.

History illustrates the fact that those nations only that labor to develop that which is highest and best in man, make helpful contributions to the world. Can it be said that the training of men in the art of killing each other, develops within them that which is highest and best? In ancient Sparta, boys were placed at the age of seven years under public officers, whose duty it was to train them in the business of warfare, to inure them to its hardships, to make of them a nation of warriors. Their entire course was to this end, and a nation of warriors they became, as the long military supremacy of Sparta among the Grecian states attests. The education of the mind was attended to only so far as its development served to contribute to success in

war. Sparta, in notable contrast to her rival Athens, bequeathed nothing to posterity. The rigid military discipline of the German soldiery has long been a subject of renown. The iron rule of the German power for years compelled a three years service in her standing army, of everyone of her able-bodied sons. In the last decade the term has been reduced to two years. The military academies in our own country, and the high degree of excellence attained in all departments of their work, are objects of especial pride to Americans. It is a high honor even to be permitted to enter these institutions, the cadet-ship being conferred by appointment, or won through competitive examination. So, only the most *promising* youth of the land gain an entrance, and these pledge themselves to serve eight years, unless sooner discharged. The best part of vigorous manhood is thus spent in the environment of constant suggestions of war. No matter how extensive the course of mental culture may be, the familiarity with the tools of death and with the thoughts suggested by them, cannot but blunt the finer sensibilities and cause human life to be held less sacred.

Public sentiment needs to be educated yet, that it may cease to cling so tenaciously to these customs of barbarism, refined though they have become! There are some evils so radical and which have been tolerated so long, that men come to regard them as necessary. The greater problem is not in eradicating the evil, but in uprooting the idea of its necessity from the mind of man. The keynote of the situation was touched by Longfellow when he wrote:

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts.

The field of battle has been pictured as a place upon which to win honor, and war—bloody, cruel, relentless war,—has been called glorious! Can that be a glorious thing which intentionally destroys human life? When men meet in battle to slaughter each other, it is not called murder, but Victor Hugo says: "If to kill is a crime, to kill much cannot

be an extenuating circumstance. Bloodshed is bloodshed. It alters nothing to call one's self Caesar or Napoleon. In the eye of the eternal God a murderer is not changed in character, because, instead of a hangman's cap, he wears upon his head an Emperor's crown. Ah! my friends, let us dishonor war! Bloody glory does not exist. It cannot be that men are to be born, that the peasant is to fertilize the fields, and workmen enrich the cities; that thinkers are to meditate and instructors are to teach; that industry is to perform its marvels; that genius is to accomplish its prodigies; that the great human activity is to multiply its efforts and creations, in order to produce that frightful international exhibition which is called a field of battle!"

This is no invective against the spirit of loyal and patriotic devotion to country which fires men to deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice. It is no reproach upon those, who, in response to their country's call, take up arms in her defense. It is an invective against war as an institution—against the instigators of war—those who thirst for bloodshed and quicken the spirit of the savage. The most loyal patriots and the greatest generals and soldiers have been those whose hearts bled over the cruel waste of war. Wellington said, "Nothing, except a battle lost, can be half so melancholy as a battle won." It is indeed a marked proof of patriotism and loyalty that men are willing to suffer, and if necessary, lay down their lives for their country, but this is not the only proof of patriotism. It does not take war to make patriots. Patriotism of the highest type is the product of peace. True patriotism looks less to aggrandizement and glory, than to the mental and spiritual welfare of the nation. The normal state of mankind is one of peace and the records of history show that the mightiest achievements of all nations and ages were wrought during times of peace. Progress and peace go ever hand in hand. The age of Pericles, the most illustrious in the history of Greece and to which the world still looks with wonder, was an era of peace. The Augustan age, embracing the most splendid period in the annals of Rome, was, perhaps, a longer season of rest from the turmoil of war than the world had enjoyed up to that time. The Elizabethan age, if not a period of

peace throughout, was one in which England was not involved in long or continuous warfare. Our own country furnishes a fine illustration of the results of peace. If "that fatal thing called war," could be kept from the records of the future, what an inestimable saving to the world it would be! What might not the wealth and the energy devoted to its deadly service, contribute to the advancement and happiness of mankind!

While a great part of the world's history has been written in blood, it is gratifying to note, that with the advance of civilization, fostered by the spirit of Christianity, most of the causes that formerly provoked war, have become a dead letter. Nations no longer go to war because a beautiful woman runs away from her husband, nor are there any longer wars waged for personal aggrandizement, nor again so much for conquest.

The greatly increased international intercourse of later years has had a wonderful effect in bringing nations into closer bonds of union and sympathy with each other. The practices and customs of war, itself, have steadily grown milder and more humane. In view of these significant facts, it does not seem unreasonable to anticipate the coming of an era of permanent peace, when "We will beat our swords into plowshares and our spears into pruning hooks and the nations shall no more lift up the sword against nation, neither will we learn war any more."

"Put off, put off your mail ye Kings, and beat your brands to dust,
A surer grasp your hands must know, your hearts a better trust;
Nay, bend aback the lance's point and break the helmet bar;
A noise is in the morning winds, but not the note of war.
Among the grassy mountain paths, the glittering troops increase,
They come, they come! How fair their feet! They come that publish
peace!"

*Oration delivered upon graduating from
Rio Grande College, June 13th, 1901.*

OUR OLD CAMP GROUND AND ITS MEMORIES.

It is our privilege to meet once more in a Reunion which awakens memories both joyous and sad, and it is a pleasure as well as a privilege, to be able to exchange with each other reminiscences of the past.

Who has not listened with absorbing interest, to the story of daring adventure or thrilling experience, recounted by our Grand Army Veterans? And who, in listening, has not been impressed, not only with their display of pride and patriotism, but also with their evident pleasure and satisfaction in telling, especially to one another, some particular occurrence, or recalling some distinctive event of the struggle in which each played a part?

What an experience it would be, for comrades in battle, to meet again after the lapse of long years, and literally go over the same ground trodden by them during a great engagement!

We are "Tenting tonight on the Old Camp-ground"—the scene of our conflicts and engagements—particularly *engagements!*—and as a company of veterans gathered around a camp-fire, we are enjoying the rehearsal of the memorable events of our experience. As between comrades in war, there is a peculiar bond of sympathy and fellowship existing between us, in that we have so much in common. We have entertained like hopes, braved like dangers, suffered like defeats and enjoyed similar triumphs!

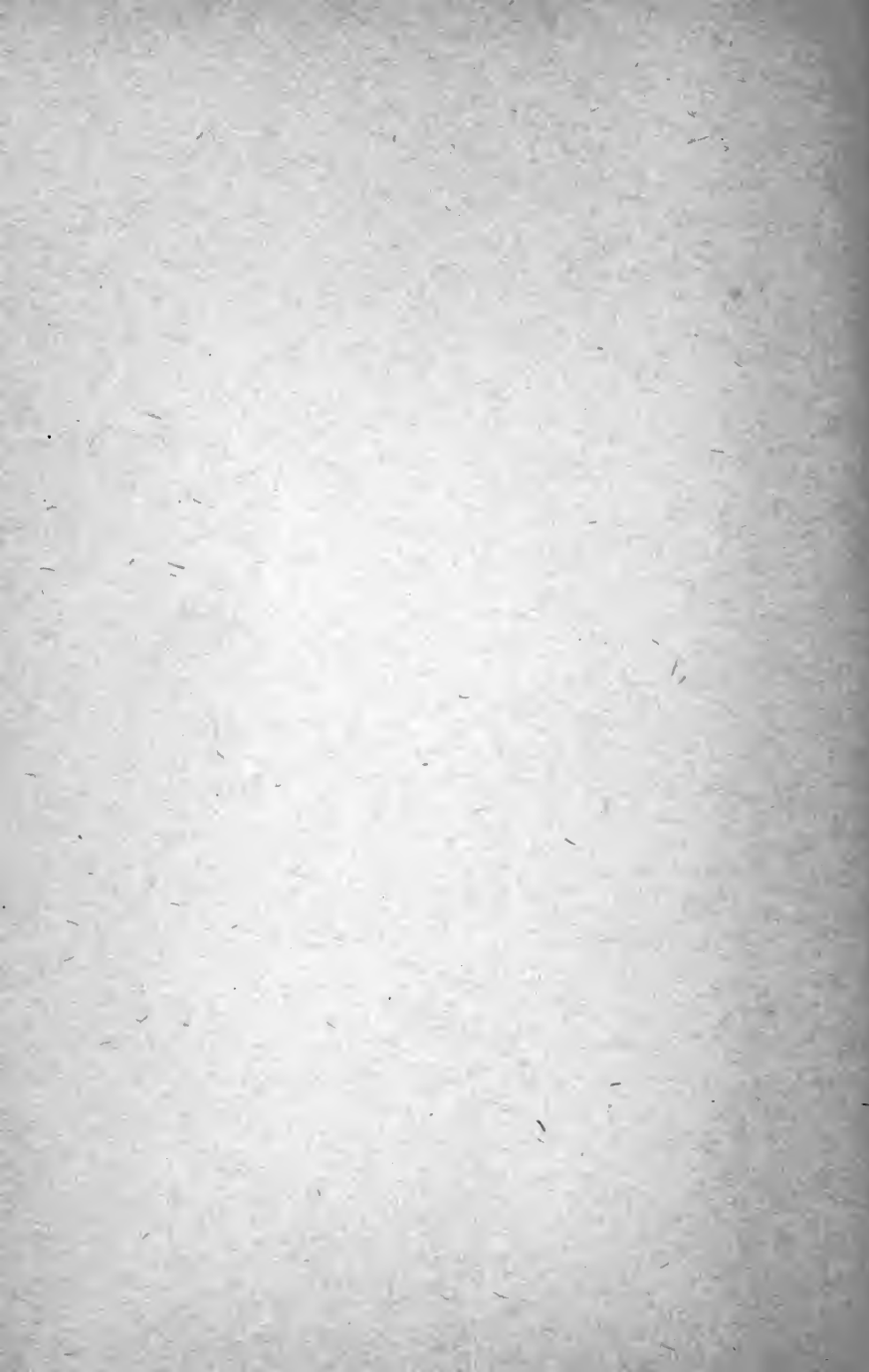
More than that, we have attachments and affections in common: Our mutual regard for our Alma Mater and devotion to her interests; our familiarity with these old walls and halls, that speak to us with an almost audible voice; our appreciation of all the natural charms of this environment—the delightful prospect that greets the eye upon every hand; the long association and friendship we have enjoyed with our beloved teachers—most of us with the members of the present faculty—all from a tie that unites us in one strong fellowship, which please God, may never be broken!

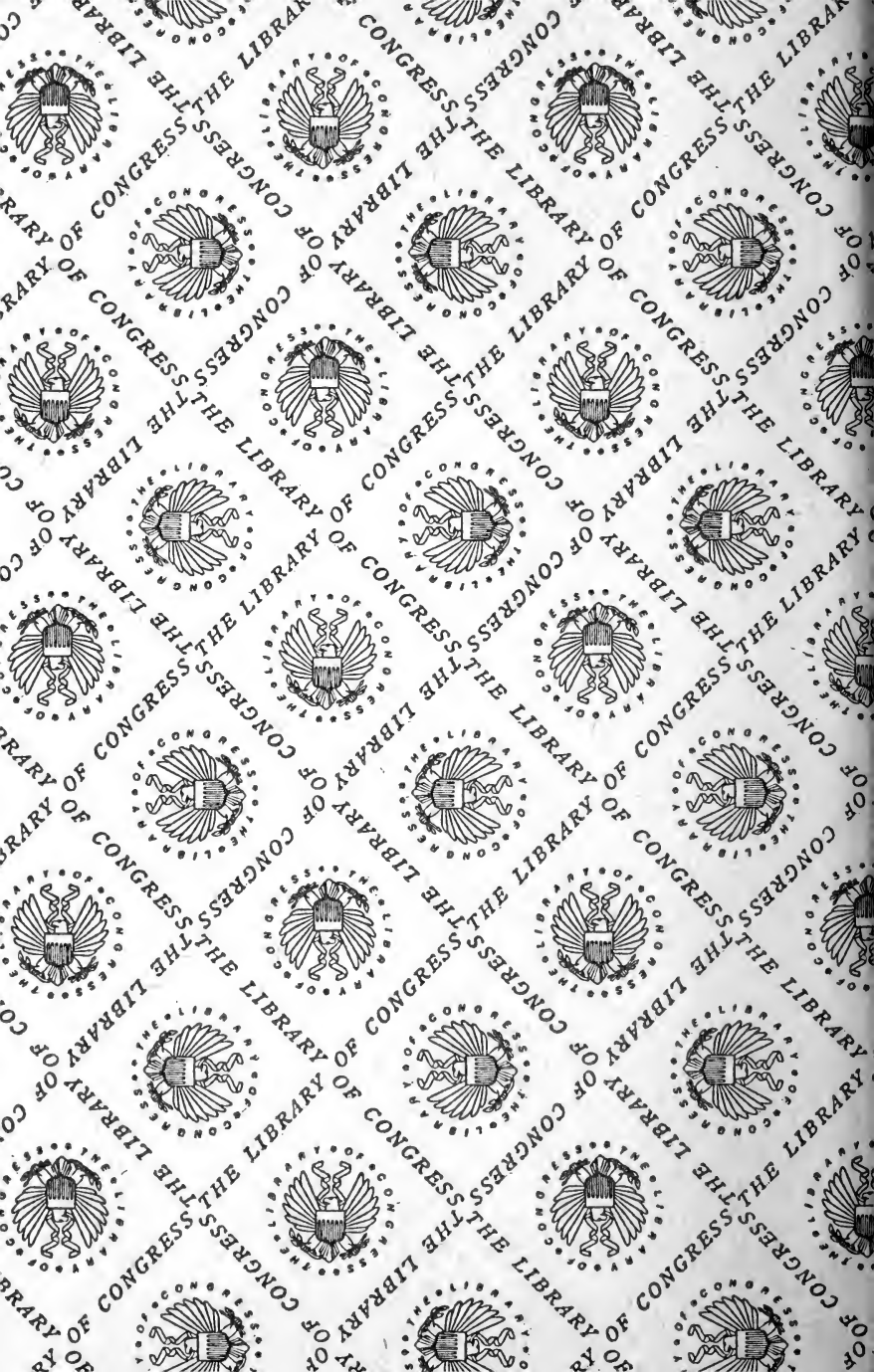
No period of one's life, perhaps, is so rich and full as that of his schooldays, and no period so dear to the heart, or so treasured in memory. When one has added to his childhood school days, a college career, he is indeed rich in memories—if in nothing else. How many here tonight have met their fate or their fortune upon this old camp-ground! the romances, conspicuous for their number, begun here, some of which at least, have resulted so happily, give ample proof that these familiar scenes recall to many, some of the happiest moments of their lives, and to all, they are reminders of never-to-be-forgotten events and experiences. So

While we gather tonight this board around,
Let us pledge a toast to the Old Camp-ground!
To the old Camp-ground and its memories dear,
That grow more precious, year by year!
To the hopes we have cherished, kindled here!
To the good that we sought,
And the truths we were taught,
To the treasures of learning, that cannot be bought!
To the rare opportunities all should have found
For improvement and culture, since here they abound!
To all that is best on the old Camp-ground!
To the friends we have met here, friends tried and true,
To these, dear old Camp-ground, to these and to you!

*In response to the toast:
"Our Old Camp-ground and its
Memories," given at the Alumni
Reunion and Banquet, at Rio Grande
College, June 16th, 1909.*

H17 891





HECKMAN
INDERY INC.



DEC 88

N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA 46962

